

## Here's a Peter Pan Romance

### NATALIE TALMADGE IS ENGAGED

#### —YET SHE—

Hasn't Seen Fiance for Two Years  
She Hasn't an Engagement Ring  
Neither Writes Love Letters

## "Buster" Keaton Is a Comedian!

By Fay Stevenson

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THERE are romances and romances, but this is what I call a REAL one, a regular "Peter Pan," "Mary Rose" affair.  
Think of having a love affair without love letters, without an engagement ring and not seeing THEM or HER for two whole years!



NATALIE TALMADGE

And yet that is the love story of Natalie Talmadge, the last of the "Talmadge girls," and "Buster" Keaton, film slapstick favorite, whose engagement was recently announced from Palm Beach.

Although Natalie is the last of the famed screened stars to wed she is not the baby of the family but comes in between her two sisters. Norma, the eldest, has been married to Joseph M. Schenck, movie magnate, for five years. And Constance, the youngest, had a sensational runaway marriage just at Christmas time with John Pialoglou, a wealthy tobacco manufacturer.

Natalie has always been the least prominent of the three. When she does appear in a reel it is always with Norma or Constance starring, but then Natalie likes the "business" end of things, and when it comes to romance just listen:

At present Natalie is back in New York. In fact it was at the Talmadge Studio at No. 218 East 45th Street, that I saw her and learned about this Peter Pan romance.

"Buster" Keaton is in Los Angeles awaiting recovery from an injured leg to go to New York and—yes, and wed Natalie—but you must be careful how you say it, and there is no definite date, and Natalie is a fatalist and doesn't believe in talking about things BEFORE they happen.

Natalie's big brown eyes are clear and unemotional when she speaks of love. In fact, she doesn't like to speak about it at all, and as to writing love letters—well, neither she nor "Buster" have exchanged a line.

"No, no, NO. We have never written one line of love. In fact, we don't write at all," said Natalie, shaking her well shaped head as a far away look came into her eyes.

"It seems to me that love letters would spoil everything. There are so many things one thinks which cannot be expressed in words. Think about love and it is beautiful, write out those thoughts and you take away every drop of sentiment."

"Then you and 'Buster' both agreed not to write?" I asked.

"We have never said a word about writing, one way or the other," laughed Natalie. "We seemed to understand. That, to me, is the whole secret of love—to understand." Say too much, write too much, and you have the proverbial lovers' quarrel. Sometimes love is so big, so overwhelming that there isn't anything to say or anything to write. It would all sound so cheap."

Then I asked Natalie to tell me when she first met "Buster," and at last, after much shaking of her head and turning eyes downward, she said:

"Why, there isn't anything romantic about it. I am a fatalist and I don't like to talk about things before they happen. 'Buster' may tire of me any day. I might tire of him; that is why I have no engagement ring. We have known each other for four years. When we meet there is always a sparkle, a glow—call it love if you will—but we have never bound it, never written letters, exchanged looks of hair, nor have I worn a diamond."

"At the time I met him I was working as a Secretary at the Arbuckle studio in New York. I had never been on the screen at all. I like to play but I am not as dramatic as my sisters. I was more interested in the business end of the movie business. 'Buster' was making reels for the Arbuckle Company at that time. We met, that is all I will say."

"Then," continued Natalie, "shortly after that 'Buster' went to war. He did not write, nor did I. The next time I saw him was two years later at 'Fatty Arbuckle's' studio, out in Hollywood, Cal. There I was again acting as Secretary."

"Perhaps that is where you became engaged?"

"Perhaps," laughed Natalie, and her eyes said, "of course I couldn't talk about that."

"But you announced the engagement at Palm Beach?" I asked.

"It just leaked out," said Natalie. "I haven't seen 'Buster' since I left Hollywood two years ago."

"It is reported that 'Buster' is coming to New York just as soon as he is able and that you will probably wed in mid-April," I said.

"But Natalie didn't blush or wink an eyelash."

"We can't tell what we will do until we meet."

"Perhaps you will elope as Constance did and then come back and tell mamma," I suggested.

"No, I won't do that! I'll just have a simple little wedding and invite relatives and my intimate friends," replied Natalie, and then with a sort of "Mary Rose" flutter she seemed to fly out of the studio window though her dainty little figure still sat calmly on a three-cornered stool. I wonder if "Buster" was sending "Buster" a wireless.

## DAILY MAGAZINE

### Do Fine Clothes Handicap a Business Woman?

## She Should Dress in Good Taste, Never in "Frills and Furbelows"

No. 3—Judge Jean H. Norris

Judge Jean H. Norris Says: "She Should Always Look Her Best, but if She Would Be Successful She Must Conform to Certain Rules of Business Etiquette."

By Fay Stevenson.

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WOMEN who have achieved success in the business world admit that clothes play a VITAL part in every girl's career.  
Miss Lena Phillips, Executive Secretary of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, started the ball rolling by stating that fine togs are a ban to success.

Then Miss Beatrice Carr, one of New York's leading business women, declared that men judge a girl's mental ability by her wearing apparel and that too many feathers and frills are her worst handicap.

On the other hand, Mrs. Helen R. Mascher, who has made a fortune in trade by making and placing her sandwiches at numerous lunch counters and drug stores, claims that clothes have a psychological value and are a girl's greatest asset.

Now, let's see what Judge Jean H. Norris, the first woman Magistrate in New York City, has to say on this vitally important question of clothes.

After a busy day in court Judge Norris swung into chambers, removed her long black robe, displaying a dainty white linen blouse and tailored skirt, and fastened as she was with the day's work, we entered into a heart to heart talk about the business girl and clothes.

"I'm never too tired to talk about clothes," said Judge Norris, with her characteristic bright smile, and then she added, glancingly, "I just love them."

And despite Judge Norris's correct attire, I had visions of how dainty and sweet she would be in an evening gown of lavender and pink or a fairy like affair in Nile green.

"Evening gowns and dainty clothes," she mused as if reading my thoughts, "I simply adore them. I'm quite certain every feminine woman does, but for business there are only two choices for the woman of refinement and good taste—the conventional suit or a simple businesslike dress."

"Then you agree with Miss Phillips that fine clothes are a ban to success?" I asked.

"Fine clothes, if they mean expensive clothes of GOOD MATERIAL, will be a help to any business woman," replied Judge Norris, "but fine clothes, if they mean FURBELLS, LOWS and FRILLS, will be a great detriment to the young woman who wishes to succeed in business."

"For instance, a business girl may pay a good fat sum for a tailored suit, but if it is a suitable shade for business wear and is good material it will be correct. But another girl could take that same amount of money and buy two or three little

flimsy, sleeveless gowns which would make her look cheap and poorly clad the whole season."

"I believe in the business girl dressing well," continued Judge Norris. "I believe in her always looking her best, but if she wants to be a successful business woman she must conform to certain rules of business etiquette."

"But does the average girl, fresh from a business school, really know what to wear?" I asked.

"I had a very capable one that many of them need clothes, they want something pretty, and so when they get their first week's envelope they buy, regardless of what they need."

"I have often thought we might give a few lessons upon correct dressing in the public schools," replied Judge Norris, smilingly.

"When I practiced law," continued Judge Norris, "I had a good sound judgment. They may be expensive, they may be stylish, even chic, but the sensible business girl eliminates lace and frills and feathers."



Judge Jean H. Norris

blouses which were shockingly low and skirts scarcely over her knees. Her hands were covered with cheap jewelry, and I felt that she was not the girl I wished to represent me.

When clients came to the office or I sent her upon errands she did represent Jean Norris, and finally I called her into my office and told her that we would have to part if she didn't wear sensible, business clothes."

"Of course she resigned," I laughed.

"Not resign, madam," corrected Judge Norris. "She took my advice, came down attired for business and to-day is holding a splendid position. Few men would take the trouble or really dare to talk to a girl the way a woman employer can, but I am certain fine firms appreciate young women who represent them."

"It seems to me," concluded Judge Norris, "that a girl who knows how to dress for business can think clear and straight. We have to judge people by their outward appearance. Business clothes inspire business."

All agreed at the grimy car washer with deep interest. In fact several of those present, under the influence of Judge Norris, were inclined to believe the car washer had two brows.

## MY DEAR: Have You Seen the New Bracelets of Silk—To Match One's Gown?

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MY DEAR: The proverb, "Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle," is a wise bit of philosophy. It is an art that is as essential to smart distinction as are the design and color of a frock. The hat, the gown, the jewel, the scarf, the bag, the clapper, each is delightful in itself and yet should be chosen so that its service is merely contributory to the final effect of tasteful and becoming charm. Handkerchiefs are perhaps the smallest of these perfect trifles, yet one may linger long and glowingly over the displays of them. In colors we have become used to their effectiveness with frocks that harmonize or contrast delightfully. A very smart one I noted recently was of yellow with a half moon in each corner, worked in an outline stitch, in black and white.

The bracelet is another article that may exploit one's taste and sense of style. For bracelets do not change in style. Have you seen the newest ones of shirred taffeta in a color to match one's frock? They are to be worn in a pair on one arm only, being placed a short distance apart, but connected by a string of beads. Thin gold bracelets are also

popular, in jangling profusion on one or both arms. I saw a carved ivory one the other day which had been tinted in brown, and was very elegant looking.

I notice many evening frocks of filmy chiffon and lace, made simply and relying on some characterful touch of color for distinction. An especially appealing one of cream lace at a recent affair was worn by a dark-haired beauty, who dared to mingle a cluster of black currants with a couple of bright red roses at the side of her belt, which was a jade green ribbon. Another similar exploitation of individuality was noticed on a flesh pink chiffon frock which was graced with full blown

pink roses, from which garlands of iridescent Malaga grapes hung in Bacchante style.

I suppose every one is in need of a new purse at this season of the year, and some of you who are ambitious could copy one I saw a smart matron carrying. It was a flat envelope style, made of narrow dark blue moiré-taille ribbon, with its flap outlined with tiny, but perfectly made little ribbon roses.

If any of my readers be in doubt as to proper or more becoming trimmings, design, interior or finishing details of their costume, I would be glad to put them to rest with suggestions. Should they care to write and send part their replies in the following week's letter.

MILDRED LODGEWICK.

### NEW INVENTIONS

AN automobile invented in California for tourists the back of the front seat folds backward to complete a three cushion bed, while an upper berth is provided by a folding cot.

Metal arches spanning the strings have been patented to keep the bow in the right place on the strings of a violin for a person learning to play that instrument.

A new window ventilator lies flat on a sill when a window is closed, but rises into position for use when a sash is raised.

A rubber tip on a new bathroom door knob prevents it inflicting a wall when the door is opened.

## Care of Your Easter Flowers



or hyacinths or any of the bulbs that have been forced. But crocuses, daffodils, anemones, Mollis, dentata, hybrid roses or pansies and lilacs are all hardy in this section.

Cut flowers keep best over night in their own box and tissue papers. Set

DON'T you wish you could keep your potted Easter lilies and plants fresh and fair a long time after Easter?

Well, you can if you only know HOW to prolong their lives.

Upon receiving your pot of Easter lilies, your beautiful azalea, your hyacinths or dainty lilies of the valley take the plant at once to the bathroom or the kitchen sink. Place your finger in the soil in the pot to test the soil's moisture. If the soil is dry or only slightly damp, give it the benefit of the doubt and fill the pot up to the rim with water. Then place the plant in a deep saucer and set it where it will get plenty of light, but not direct sunlight.

If the decorations and ribbons interfere with the proper watering of your plant, remove them.

If your plants are wilted when received place them at once in a deep pan or, better yet, in the bath tub with water deep enough to cover the whole pot, and with the window open so that the cool air will reach them. It is also a good plan to sprinkle some water lightly over the foliage and flowers. This helps to revive a plant more than anything else.

If you have a garden it would pay you to plant out some of your Easter plants, so that they will make a good start for blooming next year. It does not pay to save tulips, daffodils

## FABLES FOR THE FAIR

BY MARGUERITE MOORE MARSHALL

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THIS is what the Wise Widow whispered to the Easter Bride:  
"Yours is the time of beginnings—begin right!  
Never do anything which your husband can possibly do FOR you.  
When he is with you stand before a closed door  
As helplessly as if it were the gates  
to Sing Sing  
And you on the WRONG side.  
Even if you like to get up for breakfast  
Stay in bed and let him bring your coffee to you.  
While you wear a pink boudoir cap and a sweet smile  
And tell him that he's a thoughtful darling.  
You can hold more husbands with the honey of flattery  
Than with the vinegar of self-reliance.  
Don't make your trousseau last too long—  
A month from now you'll need some summer organdies and a new hat.  
And don't be too economical—  
The sooner he learns what women's clothes cost  
The better he can plan how to earn enough to pay for them.  
If you're not his luxury there will be others!  
Do not allow him to form bad habits—  
Such as the slippers and the easy chair.  
Which interfere with his playing escort to his charming young wife  
At theatre parties, club dances and neighborhood bridge.  
People used to advise her how to keep her husband at home.  
But her real problem, nowadays, is how to make him leave it!  
Flutter into his office on 'surprise' visits  
And insist, prettily, that he postpone his important conference  
While he takes you to lunch at the most expensive place downtown.  
(Do this just often enough to let him feel the conjugal check rein  
And not sufficiently often to interfere seriously with his job of making money for you.)  
If you CAN—  
Fasten your evening gown.  
Draw on your overboots.  
Find a train in a timetable.  
Add up your bank balance correctly.  
Put a 'shovelful' of coal on the furnace.  
Chafe the chafing dish Sunday nights when the maid is out.  
Chide the grocer for an overcharge.  
Be punctual—  
Never, never let your husband know of these accomplishments!  
Let George do it ALL!  
For there are only two kinds of wives:  
Those who are waited on and those who wait.  
Those who are extravagant and adored and those who are economical and respected.  
Those who are in the saddle and those who are under the yoke.  
Those who are selfish and those whose HUSBANDS are selfish.  
Those who are helpless and those who are never helped.  
A husband loveth her for whom he worketh  
And who 'worketh' him!"

## \$50,000 A YEAR WOMEN

No. 6. LOIS WEBER.



AMONG the American women who make at least \$50,000 annually is Lois Weber, the only woman in the country who writes scenarios, directs and markets her own photographs. She was formerly an Klugeheny. Her choice girl, she has been directing pictures for the past thirteen years and is the only woman who can snap her fingers at the movie magnates.

## COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

BY BETTY VINCENT

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"D" Recently I met a young man at a social affair who works in the same office where I am employed. We became quite friendly. Would it be good form for me to invite him to a dance our club is giving? Also would it be proper for me to buy the tickets and tell him they were complimentary, as I do not like to invite him and have him pay the way?

"B. T." It would be much better if he invited you to go to a dance or a show. But on the other hand, I appreciate the way you feel. Why not mention the fact that there is to be a dance at your club? Tell him you have a ticket and would be pleased to see him there. If he cares for you, no doubt, he will obtain a ticket. This would relieve you of the more or less disagreeable business of paying a man's way, even under "complimentary" pleas.

"Dear Miss Vincent: The other day I called on a young lady I have known all my life. I am seventeen and she is a year younger. She seemed pleased to meet me. I gained her mother's consent to take her out some night, but she refused to go the night I selected, telling me she had an engagement. I knew this was not so, for her mother had told me she was free. I am of a different creed. Do you think that is the reason?"

"HEART-BROKEN." The girl may be bashful or she may feel that she is too young to go out with young men. If she treated you well the night you called I advise you to call again.

## BEAUTY AND HEALTH

BY DR. CHARLOTTE C. WEST

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BEAUTIFYING the Neck and Bust THE desire for beauty is an inherent, that is, an inborn quality in every woman's soul. It matters not in what station in life she belongs, whether she is rich or poor, dark or light, she longs to be attractive—each in her own way. Ideas of beauty differ with the passage of time and in various nations, but there are charms which are peculiarly feminine, over which poets have raved and sculptors gone mad, and these are a beautifully-turned throat and a well-developed bosom.

What more natural than that every girl and woman should wish to be attractive in these respects? But can an ill-shaped, scrawny neck be transformed into a thing of beauty and a poorly developed bust be molded into form? Yes, to both questions. Wonderful improvement can be achieved, but it requires eternal vigilance, constant thought and care to overcome defects and to cultivate the means through which the beautifying process can alone be successful, because these means spell work—overcoming bad habits such as slouching attitudes, imperfect chest development through improper breathing, carelessness in dress, neglect of skin, and so on.

The excessively high, stiffly boned collars have done not a little toward disfiguring and destroying necks that might otherwise have been pretty. It is impossible to preserve plump tissues if they are constantly held in a vise and if freedom of action is interfered with. A graceful poise of the head, which is so very attractive in a woman, must give place to rigid, ungainly gestures.

It is fortunate therefore that the high collars so long in vogue have practically given place to the low overcoat and the collarless waist. The first essential is to look after the "waist"—see that the blood is in good condition, for tissues cannot be

### GOING DOWN!

DEAR READER: Do you LOVE your work? Hearken to this: "Nothing is full (completed) until it has been done (finished the job), and the end for the sake of which (the thing is done) is love; consequently, the love of knowing a thing, of thinking about it and of understanding it, springs from a love of willing and doing it."

Again listen and remember, for it will help you: "The end that is loved is the thing done." Hence: FINISH THE JOB!

Always,  
ALFALFA SMITH.